

Any Stranger I Choose

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Any Stranger I Choose

by [softdaydreaming](#)

Summary

As a small streamer, George didn't expect anything to change drastically when he went live today, just expecting his usual 25 viewers and a slow stream.

So he almost spat out his drink when his viewers spiked to thousands, all of them mentioning the hoodie he's wearing, saying how it belonged to someone named Dream.

The hoodie that he mistakenly took from the guy he had a one night stand with last night.

The birds were chirping loudly outside, and as far as George could remember, he didn't live in an area where the birds sang in the morning. Still heavy with sleep, the brunet opened his eyes oh so slowly with a frown, blinking a few times because of the few rays of morning sunlight that breached the windows.

He's also not the type to leave his bedroom window's curtain open.

Okay, maybe George was not a morning person, but that's not a sin. If you had a work schedule as weird as his, you would naturally hate waking up early in the morning because of some stupid sunlight. He closed his eyes again, snuggling back into his soft, warm, tanned, and breathing pillow—

Wait a minute.

The brunet immediately opened both of his eyes, finally realizing and remembering the full situation. The situation was him meeting a handsome blond guy at a bar the night prior and agreeing to go back to his place for a quick hookup.

The blond guy—Cay? Clay? Probably the latter because the other name sounds weirder than Clay—was the definition of an Adonis. Wavy blond hair framed his face, sunlight reflected on some strands of the blond's hair. The freckles on the bridge of his nose formed some kind of constellation. He had a firm body and even firmer hands—judging by how he treated George just *right* last night— and George was the type to judge his hookups pretty harshly because they honestly deserved it.

But not this one, apparently.

“Shit,” he murmured. One of Clay's arms rested on his waist while George himself tightly wrapped his limbs around the blond's body like an octopus. “Damn it, past George, what were you thinking?”

Past George obviously didn't give a single fuck about how future George was going to take care of this whole thing after the morning came.

George held his breath, removing the hand on his waist ever so slowly, pausing when he heard the blond murmuring something low in his sleep. He released a relieved sigh when Clay showed no other signs of waking up, getting out from the man's embrace and tip-toeing around the room to look for his clothes.

The brunet stumbled upon some of their clothes, sighing quietly to himself. “Well, at least we had the decency to clean up and put our underwear back on before passing out.”

Looking around the room that he didn't check out last night as a result of being too busy exchanging kisses with its owner, George almost whistled in awe. Clay had to be loaded. It was a big bedroom, with a king sized bed and ceiling windows, some of them already opened a little bit (which explained the amount of sunlight and the chirping of birds).

Yet, George had to admit that the biggest attention stealer in the whole room was the man sprawled out in the king size bed, still deep in sleep, all that golden skin covered underneath the thick blanket.

Maybe George's going to regret not exchanging numbers with this one.

But oh well, it was good while it lasted. Catching a glimpse of himself in the nearby mirror, George tried to ignore the heat on his cheeks when he noticed how purples and reds bloomed on his neck.

The brunet's eyes widened as he saw that it's already nearing 9 in the morning - he was certain he had a client to call soon.

Quickly, without checking twice or looking around more, he grabbed the nearest sweatpants and hoodie, then snatched up his phone that was lying miserably on the floor. Tip-toeing again, George cracked open the room's door as quietly as he could and slipped out silently before closing it behind him. In the distance, he could hear someone's yelling in frustration from somewhere in the hall, and it almost gave him a fright, but it's best that he just ignored it. The brunet sighed, relieved that he's almost out of the lion's den, turning away from the door and ready to walk out of this

house.

Only to be surprised by a pair of eyes staring at him intently.

Or to be more precise, a pair of cat's eyes.

It's a pretty cat, sitting right in front of the room's door, and now it was staring straight at George. The cat meowed and let out a *mrp* sound, which made the brunet want to say *aww* so bad but ultimately, he decided against it.

...He did bend down to pet the cat for a little bit, though. After all, he was only human.

The cat butted her head on George's hand, lowly purring from all the attention she got. But then she started to meow loudly, and despite the brunet trying to shush her, the cat kept on meowing.

"Patches...? Wait a minute, angel, I'll come right out soon," A tired and low voice rumbled from the bedroom George had just slipped out of, making him freeze up.

The voice brought a sudden molten-gold desire inside the brunet, but he shook his head and took a deep breath. Remember George, your main goal right now: getting out of this house. So with regret, he petted the cat (Patches, what a cute name) one last time, before walking out of the house and running as fast as he could to the closest bus stop, feeling like a mad man on a deadline.

George already knew today's going to be a long day.

—

"...Alright, I'll get back to you with the progress and the changes in two weeks. Yes, it will be fixed, no need to worry, ma'am. Okay, goodbye, have a nice evening." George pressed the end call button, then proceeded to groan out loud and stretched his stiff body.

The brunet slumped back in his chair with a desolate expression. Usually he would call it a day and sleep until the next afternoon, but it's the weekend and he had a certain schedule to do. Putting his phone back on the desk with a loud sigh, George started to get ready, setting up some stuff for his weekly stream.

George had never imagined that at the age of twenty five he would be a freelance programmer while also being a small streamer on the side, but his friends convinced him to join them on their endeavours in becoming streamers, and the brunet just couldn't say no to them.

Speaking of the devil, George rolled his eyes, huffing fondly when his phone started buzzing with text notifications from the two gremlins that he called his friends.

quack city: hello my super mega bff

jorge: what do you want

quack city: first of all rude

quack city: also yeah are you gonna stream tonight or not because i don't think i can mod for your stream if you do

jorge: honestly idk, today is so tiring i wanna sleep but i also wanna stream :(

karl!!!: go get your beauty sleep, king

jorge: you know what, i'll stream, i want to play minecraft anyway... no need to mod if you can't, you act like i have more than 20 viewers per stream

quack city: my guts said you will need a mod Today but then again my guts also telling me to sleep right now instead of finishing my essay so

karl!!!: i'll check on your stream in an hour or so george!! i can mod if you want after that

George chuckled. His friends could be quite the pain in the ass sometimes, but most of the time they were a major part of the support system in his day to day life. He'd probably be dropped dead somewhere without them. George put his phone back down, this time in a place where he could access it easily just in case Karl or Quackity wanted to join his stream.

Speaking of streaming, George supposed there was no time like the present to do it. He opened Twitch with a sigh, dusting off the non-existent dirt from the hoodie he's wearing.

The hoodie that was **not** his own.

George groaned loudly. Thanks to his dumb ass sneaking out of his one night stand's house in a hurry before he woke up, he picked up the wrong hoodie and just sauntered off with this one because he didn't want to get caught by Clay.

The hoodie wasn't even the same color as George's, so it really perplexed the brunet to no end about how he could've picked up Clay's instead of his own. It's yellow— or maybe green, he's not really sure.

The other thing was how they didn't even exchange phone numbers with each other the night before, so George had to deal with the fact that his favorite hoodie with the little dino print was gone forever, and now the brunet had to make do with this... oversized yellow-green (probably green, he's colorblind, don't blame him) hoodie with a smiley face print on it. That belonged to his one night stand.

George had to admit: he looked cute wearing it. Maybe this hoodie wasn't so bad. He's gonna think of this hoodie as a trinket from the best one night stand he'd ever had.

He scoffed. it's not like he's going to meet Clay again in the near future. Disappointed? Yes. But at the same time he couldn't imagine the embarrassment of him being confronted by the blond over sneaking out after their one night stand AND for technically stealing his hoodie.

Oh well, whatever. Maybe Clay has an obvious social media account with his face as the profile picture and George could contact him there to return his hoodie.

And maybe also.. you know. Ask him for another hookup.

Another notification from his phone snapped George out of his daydream. He shook his head slightly to regain what was left of his focus for today, taking a deep breath and releasing it before finally clicking the 'go live' button.

Don't tell anyone, but in spite of the fact that he's been doing it for months already, George still gets a little nervous and jittery every time he's about to go live. Even if he only has 15 to 20

viewers on average.

That's already a lot of viewers for him. Don't laugh about it.

He waited for his viewers to trickle in, an easy smile already perched on his lips. George greeted the few viewers with a wide grin and a little wave, "Hello! hello, hello— Hello, everyone, it's me again!"

His usual average 20 viewers slowly greeted him back on the chat in a variation of 'hi!' and 'hello'. Some even asked him about his day followed by some emojis. The brunet smiled fondly, opening up Minecraft.

"How am I doing? I'm fine, but I just want to relax tonight, you know? One of those slower nights. It feels like a chill minecraft stream type of day."

Starting a new world, George tilted his head while reading another question from the chat.

"'Are you going to try beating the game today?' No, I'll just build a base and gather some materials, maybe also looking for a cat or two, we'll see about that," he chuckled, his character already going off punching nearby trees and crafting tools, then ventured off to look for a deep cave in the game.

George played around for about 20 minutes, making some serious and funny comments here and there before looking back at (like usual) his barren chat. But surprisingly, one question in particular caught his eyes. It was pretty new, only posted a few minutes ago, from someone with a username that he never saw before in his chat.

They asked, 'can you do a fit check?'

The brunet instantly raised his eyebrows. "Interesting. Someone in chat just asked me to do a fit check, no one's ever asked me to do a fit check before."

George made a show of mulling over the new viewer's request, before finally deciding to entertain it. "Okay, you know what, fine. I'll do the first ever GeorgeNotFound fit check, live on stream!"

His chat did get a little more lively after that declaration, some showing their excitement through spamming emotes and some even saying thank you to the new viewer who made this fit check possible. George stifled his giggle, loosely grasping the hoodie he's wearing. This was why sometimes George streamed even on tiring and long days— sometimes, his little chat could be quite funny.

The brunet cleared his throat. He stood up and walked back a little, stretching out both of his hands to show his full outfit with a wide smile. "Okay, here we go, I'm wearing this... oversized yellow? Green? Okay, it's green, I'm colorblind, okay! I'm wearing this green hoodie with a smile on it, and dark gray sweatpants. That's it. Nothing interesting or special, really! Sorry to disappoint you guys."

Some of the people in his chat went 'aww' and 'cute!', messages that he chuckled at after reading. Although, George raised one of his eyebrows when he couldn't find the requester of the fit check. "You guys can clip that all you want. Funnily enough, I don't see the person from earlier who asked for the fit check though... Oh, well, they can just rewatch the VOD or watch a clip, right?"

There's nothing much to comment on about his outfit anyway. Well, there *was* something to comment about it, but George was *not* going to mention how the hoodie he's wearing on stream right now actually belongs to a guy he hooked up with the previous night. That would be a good

storytelling stream, but he's not that desperate for viewers.

George held back a sigh, remembering Clay's charming grin that somehow etched itself into the brunet's wandering mind, wavy blond hair, and freckled golden skin that his lips explored the day before. He was still regretting the fact that they didn't exchange numbers like the idiots they were. To be fair, George wasn't the type to do one night stands in general, but that night with the blond was *so* worth it. If he could somehow meet Clay again, the first thing he would do is to drag him back to bed. Well, that and saying sorry for taking his hoodie away, then returning the thing.

The brunet huffed, cheeks puffed up a little bit. At least the hoodie's comfortable as hell, it's warm, and despite the color, George had to admit that he loves oversized hoodies.

And maybe also because the hoodie still had the smell of the blond man.

It had the surprisingly soft smell of caramel apples mixed with some kind of hazelnut aroma and—was that pine trees? George couldn't really put a pin on what it was, but now he's craving for a disgustingly sweet cup of coffee after trying to subtly dip his nose into the hoodie.

The brunet shook his head and blinked a few times, as he cleared his throat and brushed back a piece of hair that fell in front of his eyes from when his head dipped a little bit.

He looked at the time for a few seconds, noticing how it's been an hour and fifteen minutes since he started the stream. It always surprised him how time passed by quickly whenever George was streaming something. "I think that's enough iron for now, let's get out of this cave and craft some —"

His sentence got cut off by the sound of a loud, repetitive notification coming from his phone. The brunet rolled his eyes before letting out a dramatic sigh for show, probably Karl or Quackity trying to distract him mid-stream. Or spamming him because they want to join. Oh, wait, or maybe it's Karl that said earlier how he could mod for George's stream after an hour or so into the stream.

"Please excuse all the noise from just then; if you're new here, my friends absolutely *love* to be funny whenever I stream. But before we move on, let me turn off my cam to take a quick drink and check on what those idiot friends want."

George sighed in relief after making sure the cam was off. It's still so nerve racking to have his camera on for a while, even though he's been streaming for months. Not wasting any time, he reached out for his phone and his trademark plastic cup, drinking a bit of water while checking his phone notifications.

The man raised his eyebrows, though, when he saw that instead of the joking and spamming texts from his friends that he'd expected to be them just asking to join the stream, there's a slew of confusing texts in their group chat. Mostly Quackity overusing caps and question marks, with Karl being the calmer one of the two.

quack city: george what the hell???

karl!!!: george do you have something to tell us

quack city: WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN AND WHY DID WE ONLY FIND OUT FROM YOUR STREAM TODAY

karl!!!: you know you can tell us anything
right

karl!!!: but you might want to end your stream first before telling us.....

karl!!!: i'm like overwhelmed by this number of viewers literally the highest i've ever handled before was 50 dude

quack city: STOP LOOKING AT YOUR PHONE CHECK YOUR DAMN STREAM???
ESPECIALLY YOUR CHAT?????

Feeling even more confused than before, the brunet took a big gulp of water to prepare himself for what he's about to discover on chat— which was a bad idea, because he almost spat it out when the constant sound of people following and subscribing to him started. It was slow at first, but then started to become a never-ending sound.

“Holy shi— I mean, excuse me, *what happened ?*”

He turned his cam back on, a light frown on his face. viewers jumped from the average twenty viewers to straight up fifteen thousand viewers and the most insane thing was the numbers were still going up, not showing any sign of stopping. Notifications of people following and subscribing were almost non-stop, accompanied by a super fast chat that George could barely read.

The man gasped in awe, lost for words because what the fuck just happened? Did he say something? Did he get cancelled? What did he even do? George quickly scanned his chat, looking for any kind of clue on what the hell was going on right now on his stream.

Thank god that Quackity or Karl already put his chat on subscribers only mode, apparently both of them banning people left and right with their mods privilege, and even then, it was still going crazy out there.

George tried to skim over all the chat that just seemed endless, coming one right after the other so fast, and oh.

Oh God.

Now he knew why he got over fifteen— okay, twenty thousand viewers now.

peachwrite : *where did all these people come from, now i gotta gatekeep george even more*

aviizoll : *am i hallucinating or is he wearing dream's one and only hoodie*

bastardnoodle : *oh he's cute Cute. you know what i ship them... George and Dream... Gream.*

ironstele : *i thought the green smiley hoodie is one of a kind and only dream has it??? what's going on here*

dreamhasabf : *my username is a gift of prophecy from apollo*

apphiatwt_ : *okay but i have to admit he looks adorable in dream's hoodie*

ammizukii : *brb making a fanart out of this*

astralnoor : *guys maybe it's only dream's friend... even though he said he's seeing someone... haha... right...?*

maricrocus : *is this dream's boyfriend*

averagewitchchat : *chat stop*

velvetkate : *dream's boyfriend more like dream boyfriend because god he looks so!!!*

fivdayo : *god its me again*

Of course it's the damn hoodie.

Apparently, George was not the only one who had something to hide from his one night stand. Okay, he's the one who sneaked out before the blond awoke and was wearing his hoodie on stream. That's on him. But that one night stand was also a full blown— *popular* youtuber with a horde of fans!

So Clay was... Dream. They're the same person?

The brunet frowned, the name Dream sounded familiar to his ears and brain but he wasn't sure from where. He could've sworn he'd heard the name somewhere while streaming with Karl and Quackity, but he was still unsure. George needed to do some more research about this... Dream, and he also had to do some damage control on whatever thousands of people thought about their relationship status.

Snapping out of his thoughts, George decided to show his customer service smile that he'd been practicing for years for the stream. "Such a... pleasant surprise! To suddenly have so many new followers and subscribers, thank you, thank you for all of the new people here but— wow, look at the time! You know what time it is?"

Chat was going extremely fast again. George pitied his friends who were modding for him right now. "Time for me to finally end the stream!"

All hell breaks loose, going even faster than before, chat filled with even more unanswered questions and an abundance of indignant 'nooo!'s after he announced the end of the stream.

George— still wearing that customer service smile— mustered up gratitude for all the new subscribers and followers, repeating several 'thank you's and waving frantically whilst trying to end the stream quickly; avoiding addressing the questions in chat at all costs because he still had to process that his one night stand was an internet sensation. Ignoring the explosion of notifications from his phone, he searched up 'dream streamer' on good old Google.

And oh boy, was he in for a surprise.

The top result was a youtube link to a minecraft youtuber's channel named Dream. It had a white blob creature humanoid with a.. yellow? Or green? Background, as its profile picture.

Taking another deep breath, George clicked onto the channel link.

To be honest, the brunet didn't know what he expected to see from the channel. He still felt like he was in some kind of fever dream, or that maybe he's been pranked hard by some random youtuber or streamer; but what greeted him on Dream's youtube channel was like a harsh slap in the face.

Of course it's full of variations of minecraft videos, some with mods and others without mods. Some thumbnails just show a bunch of minecraft characters. That's normal. What confirmed his suspicions was some thumbnails with a familiar looking man, green eyes lit up with excitement and obviously looking fired up. A very familiar looking blond haired man with a charming grin, and stars like freckles, and big hands— and apparently 25 million fucking subscribers?!

Even his average views per video was *insane*. Always passing more than ten million views, a few hitting one hundred million views.

George's one night stand was a ridiculously popular (and probably filthy rich) youtuber.

Damn. Kinda explained why he had a nice house and a nice room.

That's... pretty hot, actually.

George slapped himself on the cheek with his right hand, feeling the heat from his cheeks heating up. Focus, George. You're here to investigate your one night stand's online identity, not to drool over him.

He should be cursing Clay— Dream— whatever his name was, for putting George in this position.

Because now everyone, their siblings, their moms, and even their pets probably think that they're dating or have something going on (to be fair, they did, they had a one night stand) because George mistakenly took Clay— Dream's yellow-green hoodie and wore it during his stream.

George groaned pretty loudly, he's allowed to do so, okay? He pinched the bridge of his nose, already feeling overwhelmed by the amount of notifications he got from his social media accounts and the bombardment of messages from his friends.

And of course, when he decided to pick up his phone to check on his twitter notifications, of fucking course three particular twitter notifications suddenly popped out on his phone screen, mocking George and his situation.

' @Dream is now following you!'

'@dreamwastaken is now following you!'

dream

can't believe my one night stand is a hoodie stealer AND left without even saying goodbye??

ok but seriously can we meet up and talk about the situation

i miss my hoodie btw

i miss your pretty face too tho :(

i also want your number lol why didnt we exchange numbers again

George opened his mouth, before closing it again. He did it a couple of times, still not sure if this Dream person with a verified checkmark was the same guy as Clay or not.

So he did the only thing he knew that would give him some answers.

george :]

...Clay?

dream

one and only baby ;)

i was kinda surprised that you didn't know who i was when we first met tbh

don't tell me you already forgot the guy that you slept with yesterday

that hurt my heart, someone as pretty as you forgetting about little old me

Damn, this man's ego was as big as his head. A little part somewhere inside of George's brain whispered '*you like it, though*'; words which the brunet ignored and chose to bury deep within his consciousness instead.

george :]

fine. come pick me up at my place in ***** tomorrow and buy me lunch, then explain everything. that's what i deserve at the very least

dream

you are one bossy man

thank god i like them bossy

okay princess :)

george :]

shut up before i block you idiot

He groaned again, half yelling in frustration.

God, George needed some drinks tonight.

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